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Senior Recital: Leanne Contino, soprano

Leanne Contino

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Senior Recital:

Leanne Contino, soprano

Richard Montgomery, piano

Andrew Carr, tenor

Michael Galvin, bass

Nathan Haltiwanger, baritone

Christopher Hauser, baritone

Claire Noonan, soprano

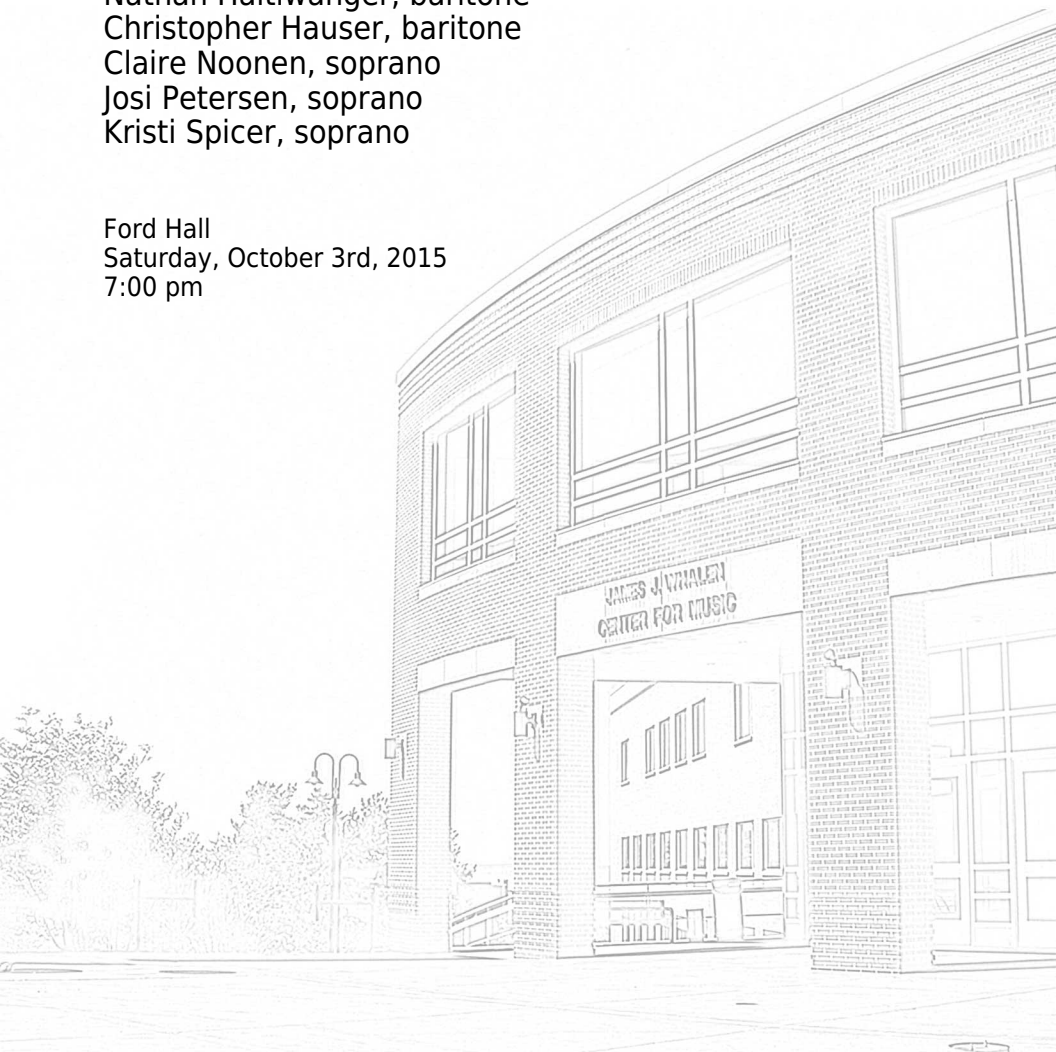
Josi Petersen, soprano

Kristi Spicer, soprano

Ford Hall

Saturday, October 3rd, 2015

7:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Tonight Quintet
from *West Side Story*
Michael Galvin, Nathan Haltiwanger, Christopher Hauser, Josi Petersen

Leonard Bernstein
(1918-1990)

An Chloë
Das Veilchen
Als Luise die Briefe

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

Prison
Tristesse
Les Roses d'Ispahan

Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)

"Ah! Je veux vivre"
from *Romeo et Juliette*

Charles-François Gounod
(1818-1893)

Intermission

Crickets
...Summer into Autumn Slips
Touch Me

Tom Cipullo
b. 1956

Il Barcaiolo
La conocchia
I bevitori

Gaetano Donizetti
(1797-1848)

Kristi Spicer, soprano

I'll Be Seeing You

Music by Sammy Fain
Arranged by Darmon Meader
for New York Voices
Andrew Carr, Claire Noonan, Nathan Haltiwanger

Translations

An Chloë

Wenn die Lieb' aus deinen blauen,
hellen, offenen Augen sieht,
und vor Lust hinein zu schauen
mir's im Herzen klopft und glüht;

und ich halte dich und küße
deine Rosenwangen warm,
liebes Mädchen, und ich schließe
zitternd dich in meinem Arm,

Mädchen, Mädchen, und ich drücke
dich an meinen Busen fest,
der im letzten Augenblicke
sterbend nur dich von sich läßt;

den berauschten Blick umschattet
eine düstre Wolke mir,
und ich sitze dann ermattet,
aber selig neben dir.

When love shines from your blue,
bright, open eyes,
and with the pleasure of gazing into
them
my heart pounds and glows;
and I hold you and kiss
your rosy, warm cheeks,
lovely Maiden, and I clasp
you trembling in my arms,

Maiden, Maiden, and I press
you firmly to my breast,
which at the last moment,
only at death, will let you go;

then my intoxicated gaze is
shadowed
by a gloomy cloud,
and I sit then, exhausted,
but blissful, next to you.

Das Veilchen

Ein Veilchen auf der Wiese stand,
gebückt in sich und unbekannt;
es war ein herzigs Veilchen.
Da kam ein' junge Schäferin
mit leichtem Schritt und munterm Sinn
daher, daher,
die Wiese her und sang.

Ach! denkt das Veilchen, wär' ich nur
die schönste Blume der Natur,
ach, nur ein kleines Veilchen,
bis mich das Liebchen abgepflückt
und an dem Busen matt gedrückt,
ach, nur, ach nur
ein Viertelstündchen lang!

Ach, aber ach! Das Mädchen kam
und nicht in acht das Veilchen nahm,
ertrat das arme Veilchen.
Es sank und starb, und freut' sich noch:
und sterb' ich denn, so sterb' ich doch
durch sie, durch sie,
zu ihren Füßen doch!

Das arme Veilchen! es war ein herzigs
Veilchen.

A violet in the meadow stood,
bent-over in itself unnoticed;
it was the sweetest violet.
There came along a young shepherdess
with light footsteps and cheerful mind
along, along,
the meadow along, and sang.

Ah thinks the violet, were I but
the fairest flower of nature,
if only for a moment.
until my beloved picked me up
and on her bosom flat pressed!
Ah just, Ah just
a short-quarter-hour long!

Ah! but Ah! The maiden came,
and took no notice of the little violet.
trod the poor little-violet.
It sank and died and rejoiced in itself:
and die I then, so die I then
through her, through her,
beneath her darling feet.

Poor little violet! it was the sweetest
violet.

Als Luise die Briefe

Erzeugt von heißer Phantasie,
In einer schwärmerischen Stunde
Zur Welt gebrachte, geht zu Grunde,
Ihr Kinder der Melancholie!

Ihr danket Flammen euer Sein,
Ich geb' euch nun den Flammen
wieder,
Und all' die schwärmerischen Lieder,
Denn ach! er sang nicht mir allein.

Ihr brennet nun, und bald, ihr Lieben,
Ist keine Spur von euch mehr hier.
Doch ach! der Mann, der euch
geschrieben,
Brennt lange noch vielleicht in mir.

You borne of such hot phantasy,
In revelry and so much gushing
Brought to the world, o perish
You offspring from melancholy!

The flames which made you into
being,
I give you now back to the flames,
And all those songs of revelry,
Alas! he sang not just for me.

You cherish'd letters, there you burn,
And soon there is no trace of you.
Alas! the man who once has penn'd
you,
Will possibly burn long in me.

Prison

Le ciel est, par-dessus le toit,
Si bleu, si calme!
Un arbre, par-dessus le toit,
Berce sa palme.

La cloche, dans le ciel qu'on voit,
Doucement tinte.
Un oiseau sur l'arbre qu'on voit
Chante sa plainte.

Mon Dieu, mon Dieu, la vie est là,
Simple et tranquille.
Cette paisible rumeur-là
Vient de la ville.

- Qu'as-tu fait, ô toi que voilà
Pleurant sans cesse,
Dis, qu'as-tu fait, toi que voilà,
De ta jeunesse?

The sky above the roof -
So blue, so calm!
A tree, above the roof,
Waves its crown.

The bell, in the sky that you see,
Gently rings.
A bird, on the tree that you see,
Plaintively sings.

My God, my God, life is there,
Simple and serene.
That peaceful murmur there
Comes from the town.

O you, what have you done,
Weeping without end,
Say, what have you done
With your young life?

Tristesse

Avril est de retour.
La première des roses,
De ses lèvres mi-closes
Rit au premier beau jour;
La terre bienheureuse
S'ouvre et s'épanouit;
Tout aime, tout jouit.

Hélas! j'ai dans le cœur une tristesse
affreuse.

Les buveurs en gaîté,
Dans leurs chansons vermeilles,
Célèbrent sous les treilles
Le vin et la beauté;

April has returned.
The first of the roses
From half-open lips
Smiles at the first fine day;
The happy earth
Opens and blooms:
All is love and ecstasy.

Alas! a dreadful sadness afflicts my
heart.

The merry drinkers
With their crimson songs
Drink, beneath trellises,
To wine and beauty;

La musique joyeuse,
Avec leur rire clair
S'éparpille dans l'air.

En déshabillé blanc,
Les jeunes demoiselles
S'en vont sous les tonnelles
Au bras de leur galant;
La lune langoureuse
Argente leurs baisers
Longuement appuyés.

Moi, je n'aime plus rien,
Ni l'homme, ni la femme,
Ni mon corps, ni mon âme,
Pas même mon vieux chien.
Allez dire qu'on creuse,
Sous le pâle gazon,
Une fosse sans nom.

The joyous music
With their bright laughter
Scatters in the air.

In scanty white dresses
Young girls
Pass beneath the arbours
On their lovers' arms;
The languishing moon
Silvers their long
Insistent kisses.

But I love nothing any more,
Neither man nor woman,
Neither my body nor my soul,
Nor even my old dog;
Send for them to dig
Beneath the pallid turf
A nameless grave.

Les Roses d'Ispahan

Les roses d'Ispahan dans leur gaine
de mousse,
Le jasmins de Mossoul, les fleurs de
l'oranger,
Ont un parfum moins frais, ont une
odeur moins douce, Ô blanche Leïlah!
que ton souffle léger.

Ta lèvre est de corail et ton rire léger
Sonne mieux que l'eau vive et d'une
voix plus douce.
Mieux que le vent joyeux qui berce
l'oranger,
Mieux que l'oiseau qui chante au bord
d'un nid de mousse.

Ô Leïlah! depuis que de leur vol léger
Tous les baisers ont fui de ta lèvre si
douce
Il n'est plus de parfum dans le pâle
oranger,
Ni de céleste arôme aux roses dans
leur mousse.

Oh! que ton jeune amour ce papillon
léger
Revienne vers mon cœur d'une aile
prompte et douce.
Et qu'il parfume encor la fleur de
l'oranger,
Les roses d'Ispahan dans leur gaine
de mousse.

The roses of Ispahan, their sheath of
moss,
the jasmines of Moussoul, their
orange blossoms,
send forth a perfume less fresh, a
scent less soft,
O pale Leila, than your breath, so
light.

Your lips are of coral and your light
filled laugh more lovely than swift
water, your voice more soft;
more joyful than the wind that shivers
the orange blossoms,
than the bird that sings beside its
nest of moss.

O Leilah, since all the kisses have fled
light-
ly your lips, there is no soft
perfume in the pale orange blossoms,
nor scent of roses in their moss.

Oh, that it would return on light
wings, your love, that butterfly, quick
and soft,
and perfume again rise from the
orange blossoms,
the roses in their sheath of moss.

Ah! Je veux vivre

Ah!
Je veux vivre
Dans ce rêve qui m'enivre;
Ce jour encore,
Douce flamme,
Je te garde dans mon âme
Comme un trésor!

Cette ivresse
De jeunesse
Ne dure, hélas! qu'un jour!
Puis vient l'heure
Où l'on pleure,
Le cœur cède à l'amour,
Et le bonheur fuit sans retour.

Loin de l'hiver morose
Laisse-moi sommeiller
Et respirer la rose
Respirer la rose
Avant de l'effeuiller.
Ah! - Ah!- Ah!
Douce flamme,
Reste dans mon âme
Comme un doux trésor
Longtemps encore!
Ah! - Comme un trésor
Longtemps encor!

Ah!
I want to live
in this intoxicating dream!
This day still,
gentle flame,
I keep you in my heart
like a treasure!

This intoxication
of youth
alas! lasts but a day!
Then comes the time
when one weeps,
the heart surrenders to love
and happiness flies off for ever!

Far from sullen winter
let me slumber
and breathe the rose,
breathe the rose
before despoiling it.
Ah! - Ah!- Ah!
Gentle flame,
stay in my heart
like a sweet treasure
for a long while yet.
Ah! - like a treasure
for a long while yet

Crickets by William Heyen

Evenings, where lawns are not sprayed with posions,
you can still hear the crickets,
you can still see lightning bugs signaling,

look, a yellowgreen strobe under the trees,
but gone, but there again, sometimes
in the same spot, and sometimes not,

as the tiny purveyors of phosphor
drift past our houses, looking
for one another, and the crickets,

crickets, crickets, the ones that still
have their legs, keep scraping them together,
listen, maybe for the last time on earth, listen....

...Summer into Autumn Slips
by Emily Dickinson

As Summer into Autumn slips
and yet we sooner say
"The Summer" than "the Autumn," lest
we turn the sun away,

And almost count it an affront
the presence to concede
Of one however lovely, not
the one that we have loved --

Touch Me
by Stanley Kunitz

Summer is late, my heart.
Words plucked out of the air
some forty years ago
when I was wild with love
and torn almost in two
scatter like leaves this night
of whistling wind and rain.
It is my heart that's late,
it is my song that's flown.
Outdoors all afternoon
under a gunmetal sky
staking my garden down,
I kneeled to the crickets trilling
underfoot as if about
to burst from their crusty shells;
and like a child again,
marveled to hear so clear
and brave a music pour
from such a small machine.
What makes the engine go?
Desire, desire, desire.
The longing for the dance
stirs in the buried life.
One season only,
and it's done.
So let the battered old willow
thrash against the windowpanes
and the house timbers creak.
Darling, do you remember
the man you married? Touch me,
remind me who I am.

Il Barcaiolo

Voga, voga, il vento tace,
pura è l'onda, il ciel sereno,
solo un alito di pace
par che allegrie e cielo e mar:
voga, voga, marinar.

Or che tutto a noi sorride,
in sì tenero momento,
all'ebrezza del contento
voglio l'anima abbandonar.
Voga, voga, o marinar!, o marinar!

Chè se infiera la tempesta,
ambidue ne tragge a morte,
sarà lieta la mia sorte
al tuo fianco vuò spirar.

Voga, voga, o marinar,
Sarà lieta la mia sorte
al tuo fianco vuò spirar.
Voga, voga, o marinar.

Row, row, the wind is silent
The waves are pure, the sky clear
That happy sky and sea
seem like only a peaceful breath
Row, row, sailor.

Now that we are all smiling
In such a tender moment
To drunkenness, happiness
I want to abandon my soul
Row, row, O sailor, O sailor!

If a storm rages
ferrying both of us to death
My fate will be happy
By your side, I want to pass my last
breath.

Row, row, O sailor
My fate will be happy
By your side, I want to pass my last
breath,
Row, row, O sailor.

La conocchia

Quann'a lo bello mio voglio parlare,
ca spisso me ne vene lu golio,
a la fenesta me mett'a filare,
quann'a lo bello mio voglio parlare

Quann'isso passa po' rompo lo filo,
e co'una grazia me mett'a priare
bello, peccarita, proite milo,
isso lu piglia, ed io lo sto a guardare,
e accossi me ne vao' mpilo mpilo
ah jeme!

When I want to speak to my love,
because often I want to do that,
I sit down spinning at my window
when I want to speak to my love

When he passes by I break the thread
and with grace begins to ask
handsome one, please get it back to
me
he bends down and I start watching,
and so is lit in me a fire forever!

I bevitori

Mesci! Mesci!
Mesci e sperda il vento ogni cura,
ogni lamento, solo il canto del piacere
risuonar fra noi s'udrà;
nell'ebbrezza del bicchiere
sta la vera ilarità.

Mesci, mesci,
Lunga è l'ora degli affanni,
ha il piacer fugaci i vanni,
il momento del godere brilla
e rapido sen va, sen va.

Pour out! Pour out!
Pour out and disperses the wind
each cure, lament, only the song of
bliss
resounds will be heard between us
In drunkenness of the glass
is true hilarity.

Pour out, pour out,
Long is the hour of breathlessness,
it is appealing for us to dispel and go,
the moment of enjoying
shines and quickly it goes, it goes.